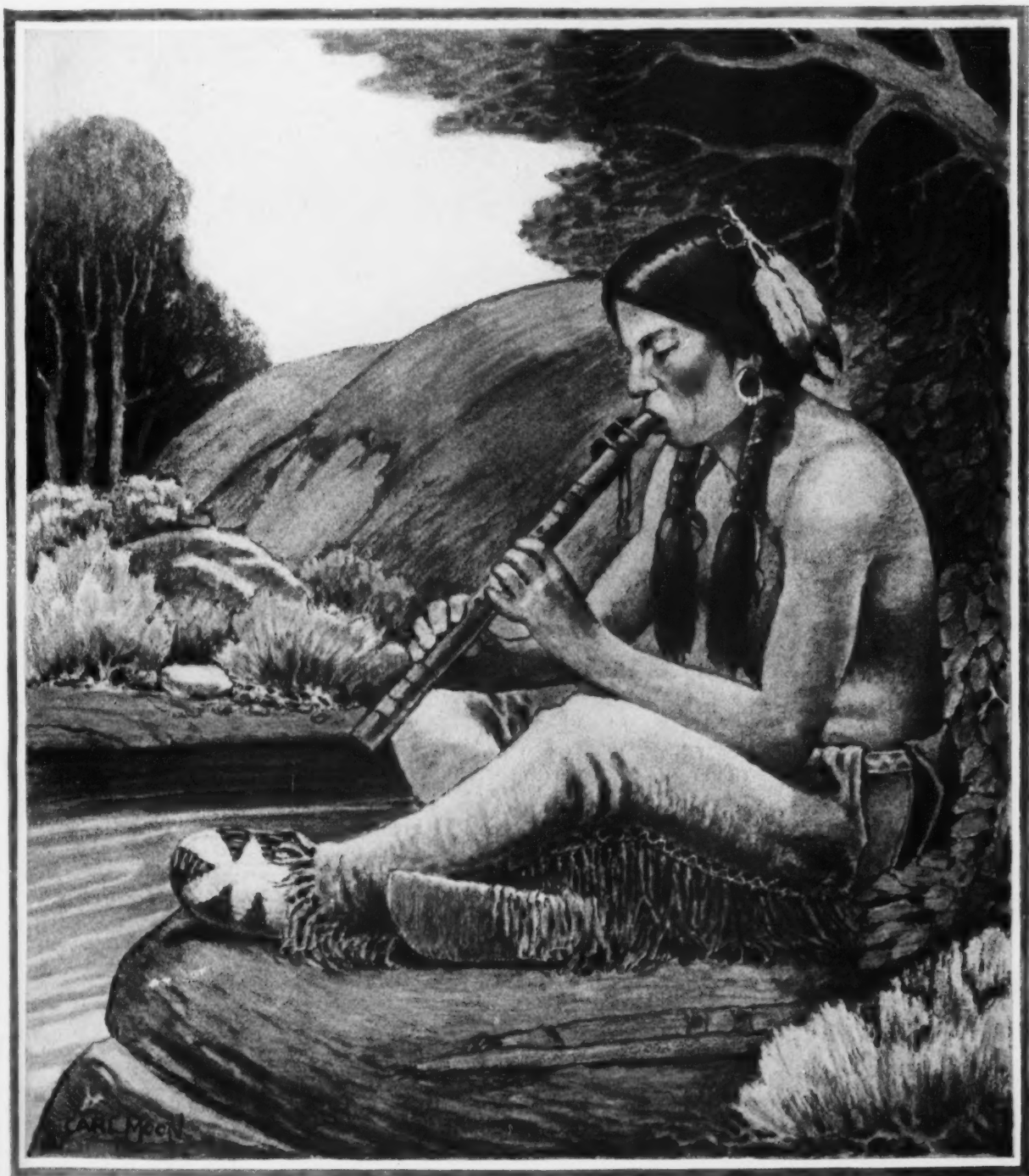


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
October 1932 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





THE PERSIAN SHEPHERD

WILFRED JONES

Often he beguiled his lonely hours with the plaintive
melodies of our Persian folk-music (see page 28)

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The October News in the School

The Classroom Index

THIS month's issue of the NEWS has material of special interest in the following classes:

Astronomy:

"The Eagle and the Boy"

Civics:

"Our Juniors Get Busy"

Geography:

China—"Something to Read"

Italy—"Piazza Montanara," "The Calendar Story" (editorial page). The name of the country, Italy, is not given on this month's CALENDAR picture. As a matter of convenience during the year you may wish to write it into the caption.

Latvia—"Autumn Godmothers," "Pennies Multiplied in the National Children's Fund"

Persia—"Something to Read," "The Shepherd and His Sheep." Interest in the shepherd's dog may invite older pupils to a first reading or hearing of Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum."

United States—Indian, "The Good Omen"; Panama Canal, "Out of the Jungle," "Pedro Miguel Locks"; Puerto Rico, "Puerto Rico Is Correct" (editorial page); Virginia, "Washington's Fredericksburg."

Other Countries—"Pennies Multiplied in the National Children's Fund," "Our Comrades Abroad"

World Civics:

"Pennies Multiplied in the National Children's Fund," "Our Comrades Abroad"

Junior Friendship for the Blind

The activities of Junior Red Cross in behalf of the blind have grown during the past six years in a manner that is typical of most Junior Red Cross activities. In 1927 Miss Boardman arranged through the Volunteer Service of the Red Cross for the free Brailleing of Miss Upjohn's book, *Friends in Strange Garments*. Miss Hoyt, Acting Director of Red Cross Braille Service, assigned the work to Mrs. Watson, a volunteer Brailleist in the Madison, New Jersey, Chapter, who transcribes on a press by means of a process that she has perfected herself. Miss Upjohn's stories made three volumes in Braille, for which the cost of paper and binding was one dollar a volume. Junior Red Cross groups paid for the paper and binding and gave the books to schools for blind children. Thus practically every school for the blind in the United States received *Friends in Strange Garments* as a joint gift of the Red Cross Braille Service and of the Junior Red Cross.

Various other projects have grown up in different Junior Red Cross groups. Some, notably certain groups in Chicago, do hand Brailleing. Others help with shellacking and binding. Some groups have made hardwood erasers and other tools used in Brailleing. Others help blind persons in their community to borrow books from the libraries for the blind. A

list of such libraries and the territory each serves was published in the JUNIOR RED CROSS JOURNAL and in THE TEACHER'S GUIDE to the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS last year. Schools that did not keep these lists and now want them will be sent a mimeographed copy free on request to National or Branch Headquarters.

Several schools for the blind are Junior Red Cross members and some of them even exchange school correspondence in Braille!

Last year Mrs. Watson Brailled children's short stories, for which Junior Red Cross groups made artistic covers. Money for the materials was furnished in part by the Madison, New Jersey, Chapter and in part by friends of Mrs. Watson. The stories were sent as individual gifts to more than 2,000 children in schools for the blind, last year, and almost 1,000 more are being finished this year. When the project is completed, between 100,000 and 200,000 pages of Braille will have gone into these short stories.

This Year's Project

Now a new project promises to be as interesting as those of past years. Mrs. Watson has printed sets of Christmas greeting cards, each set consisting of ten different designs. Each card is a little folder, about 3 x 4½ inches, with a Brailled design, such as a candlestick or Christmas tree, on the first page and a small holiday message on the second page. To complete the greeting, each card needs a bright-colored cover tied with ribbon or silk cord. As there is not the same need for durability as there is in making covers for the stories, ordinary construction paper can be used. Original designs or silhouette cut-outs will, of course, make the covers attractive. It is an appealing project for drawing classes or handwork groups.

The cards will be furnished to Junior Red Cross groups at cost price because Mrs. Watson donates her time as a volunteer Red Cross Brailleist. The cost is 5c for each set of ten cards.

The money or stamps for the cards should be sent directly to Mrs. C. D. Watson, Chairman of Braille, Madison Chapter, 6 Woodside Road, Madison, New Jersey. She will mail the cards for the Juniors to cover. Please do not send the money to National or Branch Headquarters because all money or stamps are automatically routed to the Accounting Service for recording and time is lost in making the transfer again to Mrs. Watson. Please do, however, write to National or Branch Headquarters for an assignment of a school for the blind to which the cards can be sent. Three thousand of the cards (or three hundred sets) are now ready. If the project is carried out promptly, each superintendent of every school for the blind will be able to distribute Christmas greetings from Junior Red Cross members to all the youngsters in his school.

Developing Calendar Activities for October

A Classroom Index of Activities

THE October page of the CALENDAR includes concrete suggestions for activities in classes listed below. There is not room in THE TEACHER'S GUIDE to repeat the specific activities nor is there reason for doing so. This index will direct to the general headings under which you will find ideas that may be of special interest in connection with classroom work.

Art:

Entertainment for veterans' hospitals

Citizenship:

"Things to Remember"—See discussion "Friendship for the Unemployed" on this page. "Service of Fellow Members in Other Lands"

Geography:

Preparation of state booklets for international correspondence

Handwork, Manual Training, Woodwork:

Gifts for public homes and entertainment for veterans' hospitals

Home Economics:

Gifts for public homes and entertainment for veterans' hospitals

"Friendship for the Unemployed"

In efforts to help meet the particular needs that exist in every community emphasis should be placed on the ideal of friendship. The lists of "Things to Remember," suggested in the CALENDAR, will differ in detail because organization for the work will vary according to community needs and the children themselves will enjoy working out ways of tactful and friendly help free from condescension.

Reports from the past year show both ingenuity and imagination. One Junior Red Cross report tells a story of capsules, each holding the name of a pupil whose parents were struggling against poverty. The capsules were distributed to members of the Junior Red Cross Council, each of whom promised not to tell the name he received but made it his business to provide, inconspicuously, anonymous gifts for the pupil. One member trying, in a casual manner, to cultivate a personal friendship that might open the way for still more understanding help reported: "I am having a real problem to get my capsule to like me." But another had the secret joy of overhearing his "capsule" call out with delight "Oh! Somebody likes me! Here are some handkerchiefs with my initials on so they're meant for me, and last week I got a pair of stockings with my name on the package."

In another city a little boy asked his principal's permission to organize his gang into "The Secret Seven." At regular times the leader reported to the principal friendly projects carried out with tactful anonymity—a necktie for a lad embarrassed by his lack, gloves for another, shoes for another, and so on.

Friendship for Transients

In many schools problems are complicated by transient children of harassed parents who are hunting employment from city to city. There is even a growing problem of vagabond boys—little fellows whose homes have been unable to hold them from hobo life simply because there are too many younger children

in the family to be cared for. For transient youngsters rounded up willingly or unwillingly by truant officers, Junior Red Cross members can put their Welcoming Committee or Hospitality Committee to new uses. By tact and courtesy the young strangers can be made to feel themselves part of school life and perhaps held to an environment that has in it some element of order and security.

There is, of course, a problem of increased local truancy. One of the nicest stories is of a superintendent in a climate warm enough for the children to go without shoes safely. Many, however, stayed home out of sensitive pride. Instead of invoking the law, the superintendent proclaimed an official Barefoot Day. Everyone, the semi-prosperous and the semi-poverty-stricken, came barefoot, and it was a picnic. Then quite easily they all kept on coming.

Organization Devices

There are many ways of preserving self-respect. You will find suggestions on some of the CALENDAR pages for exchanging lists of needs among schools with the Junior Red Cross Council as a convenient clearing house. The child wearing a remade garment from another school does not have to see the boy or girl who owned the garment when it was new, or to wonder whether his schoolmates recognize it. Sometimes exchanges between city and rural schools are feasible.

"Things They Hated—And Haircuts"

"Good manners" should be applied in the exercise of friendship toward public homes also. In an article by Benjamin L. Weinfeld, in *The Survey*, March 15, 1932, some of the things that cause resentment among children in institutions and which leave a scar through later years are described. The article is based on questionnaires sent to adults who, as children, had lived in public houses. Excerpts from this article may help your pupils to set high standards of thoughtfulness this year.

"Children resent being put on exhibit and shown off before visitors coming to the home. They dislike being pointed out.

"Children hate being ridiculed and laughed at and seem to carry this resentment over a long time.

"Very often older boys and girls are required to take smaller children to parties and even to participate themselves. To this they strenuously object.

"They do not wish to go in line to outings and gatherings.

"They do not want to take gifts, foodstuffs, etc., while in a group.

"They dislike traveling to movies and theaters in large parties. This is particularly resented by the adolescent boys and girls who, in many institutions, are forced to get in line with the smaller children on various occasions.

"The girls hated to darn the boys' stockings, and did very indifferent work. The boys detested wearing the darned stockings because the lumps hurt their feet.

"Hand-outs and donations (especially cast-off clothing) were abominations to the more sensitive children. Eye glasses that don't become the child and, grossest of all insults to their childish vanity: *poor haircuts!* . . .

"Haircuts are cheap; darning machines are within the reach of all; donors do not have to present things directly to the children.

"Not only is this a good sort of service but it is the practice of good mental hygiene that will be effective many years to come."

The Annual Red Cross Roll Call

THE Annual Red Cross Roll Call for Senior members comes between Armistice Day and Thanksgiving—November 11 to 24. Junior members will have opportunities to cooperate in the Senior Roll Call. They can help in securing Senior members for the Red Cross by spreading information about its work, by inviting parents to join, by volunteer typing and clerical work, by giving talks in school and at community club meetings and luncheons, by writing news stories for local papers, by getting out special Red Cross issues of their school papers or special mimeographed bulletins about the Red Cross to take home, by writing letters to parents and friends telling them why and how to join, by making window posters and setting up window exhibits showing accomplishments of Junior Red Cross, by holding assemblies for the school and for parents, and by giving radio talks. These activities are live ones for civic classes, English classes, art classes, commercial students, home-room clubs and others. The best possible type of help will be activity in spreading accurate information about the work of the Red Cross.

What Membership Costs

The annual dues for Senior membership in the American National Red Cross are \$1.00. Fifty cents of each dollar membership is retained by the local Red Cross Chapter for use in the community. The other fifty cents is sent to National Headquarters for use in national service.

In addition to this annual membership there are other types of membership—"contributing," \$5.00; "sustaining," \$10.00; and "supporting," \$25.00. In each of these, as in the annual membership, fifty cents is sent to National Headquarters and all the rest is retained by the local chapter for local welfare work.

Work Accomplished Last Year

The national service of the Red Cross last year provided relief in sixty disasters including continued help in the drought throughout the Northwest and aid in the tornado that caused suffering in parts of five southern states. The established services for war veterans, health work, and Junior Red Cross were maintained.

By the end of August, flour and food from 40,000,000 bushels of Government-owned wheat had been distributed to about 15,000,000 people suffering from unemployment and drought; and feed had been provided for starving livestock. This relief extended into every state in the Union. The cost of administering the distribution was borne by the National Red Cross in cooperation with local chapters. It is for such service that the fifty cents paid into National Headquarters funds provides. Thus every member is a partner in the work, nationally as well as locally.

The achievements of the local chapters can not be summarized briefly. A partial idea of what was done for those suffering from unemployment or other causes can be gained by reading the Junior Red Cross page in the September *Red Cross Courier*. The activities notes in THE JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS and THE JUNIOR RED CROSS JOURNAL are rich in additional examples of what Junior members are achieving.

The local Chapter officers will be glad to furnish material for study of this civic work, to give interviews to students about the work in their own communities or to furnish speakers for assemblies or civics classes. Suitable mimeographed programs and plays will be sent free on request from National or Branch Headquarters offices.

The Coming Year

The so-called "peace time program" of the National Red Cross is always full and active. Junior Red Cross is an important part of it and there is never a year but emergency disasters make increasing demand. For these no additional appeal for funds is made by National Headquarters except in the case of a huge disaster like the Mississippi flood or the devastating Florida hurricane of a few years ago.

This coming year the Red Cross has been given the task of distributing flour and food from an additional 45,000,000 bushels of wheat and—a stupendous new task—the distribution of clothing made from 500,000 bales of government-owned cotton.

The act of Congress of July 5th provides that "no part of the expenses incident to the delivery, receipt and distribution of such wheat or cotton, shall be borne by the United States or the Federal Farm Board"; and that the "milling, processing, or manufacturing shall be without profit to any mill, organization, or other person." The cost of administering this relief will be borne by the Red Cross National Headquarters in cooperation with local Chapters and relief agencies that apply for flour and cloth.

The garments from the cotton will be made by Red Cross volunteer workers.

Making Garments in Home Economics Classes

Any school that wishes to have a part in making these garments as a social project this year should apply immediately to the local Red Cross Chapter stating how many garments the school can make. The amount of cotton goods available for garments is limited and its distribution is defined in the act of Congress by the phrase "for use in providing clothing and wearing apparel for the needy and distressed people of the United States and Territories." The needs to be served in each community are determined by a local "committee on cotton distribution," which is appointed by local Red Cross Chapter officials.

The kinds of garments that are to be furnished include

For infants: Nightgowns and diapers

For children: Girls' dresses with bloomers, apron dresses, nightgowns, pajamas, boys' wash suits and shirts

For ladies and misses: Print or gingham dresses, muslin slips, and nightgowns

For men: Shirts and pajamas

The National Headquarters office furnishes only the cotton goods. Arrangements for thread, buttons, tapes, bindings, or patterns are made with local chapters.

Fine Standards

It has been said that one of the greatest assets of Red Cross work abroad, during and after the World War, was the excellent workmanship on garments that came from the volunteer production rooms of the Red Cross in the United States. It will be a patriotic service of the highest type now, if in making and distributing these garments for children and adults, the

(Concluded on page 4)

Fitness for Service for October

A Calendar Plan for Health Practices

ON the September page of the Junior Red Cross CALENDAR a plan for health practice is outlined with a special point selected for emphasis every month. Other important points are also listed on practically every page in their relation to the special point of emphasis. The plan for the year is:

October	Cleanliness
November	Diet
December	Prevention of illness and accident
January	Mental health
February	Rest
March	Exercise
April	Fresh air
May	Health examinations
June	Overcoming defects

Each phase will be developed month by month in THE TEACHER'S GUIDE. Needless to say teachers will vary the order in whatever way is best in their own classes.

The Importance of Cleanliness

The point selected for emphasis in October is cleanliness. In *Health Horizons* (Silver-Burdett) interesting statements are made concerning the power of a clean skin to destroy bacteria.

"There are certain kinds of bacteria which seem to be normally found on the skin, but bacteria which are not native to it are rapidly destroyed. The power of dirty skin to destroy bacteria is very much less than that of clean skin. The fatty content of sweat seems to favor the growth of bacteria, since this fatty substance covers the skin surface and keeps the bacteria from coming into contact with the skin itself and consequently from being destroyed by the skin. Such a skin can act as a carrier of bacteria. These same bacteria are destroyed in enormous numbers in less than ten minutes when the skin is freed from the foreign fatty covering.

"This evidence reinforces modern beliefs in the importance of personal cleanliness especially with regard to the washing of hands."

Washing hands is important for two reasons principally—so that one shall not carry germs to his own mouth, eyes and nose, and so that one shall not spread disease germs among other people. If doctors and nurses, dealing as they do with many cases of contagious disease, were not conscientious about washing their hands they would spread disease faster than they can cure it. Similarly anyone may spread colds and other somewhat dangerous diseases by carelessness in personal cleanliness.

Standards of Cleanliness

The school has one advantage in building desirable health practices. Children hate to be interrupted in the midst of interesting play or individual projects, by admonitions to comb their hair or wash their hands. In school, however, they are accustomed to a certain regular class and recreation schedule. A period for cleaning up before lunch can be made an accepted and agreeable part of that daily schedule.

Some standards of cleanliness to which children should become habituated are especially for health; others for esthetics. They include:

Washing hands before meals and after going to the toilet

Washing the face before meals, at bedtime and the first thing in the morning

Brushing teeth before breakfast and before bedtime

Taking an all-over bath with soap at least once, or better, twice a week. The bath schedule naturally depends upon the size of the family and bathing facilities. A family in which there is only one child has a simpler problem than a family in which there are ten children.

Keeping the hair clean by brushing it with a clean brush before meals, before school and at bedtime; shampooing the hair probably on an average of once a month. Shampoos should be more frequent when children play vigorously and perspire freely in hot weather.

Keeping the digestive tract clean by drinking plenty of water, eating juicy fruits and leafy vegetables.

Putting on clean underwear once or twice a week and keeping other clothing clean by washing or, in case of heavy clothing, by brushing and sunning.

Keeping school materials clean of dangerous germs by keeping pencils, pens, erasers, and hands out of the mouth. If text-books are furnished by the school, clean covers of paper or, better, oilcloth may be made for them.

A good article, "Is Cleanliness Worth While," by Julia B. Tappan, was published in the August-September, 1932, issue of *Junior Home*. The Cleanliness Institute, 45 E. 17th Street, New York City, has interesting free material for school use. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City, has a Bulletin, No. 56, about "Hand Washing Facilities in Schools."

An activity of practical value in rural schools is that of making individual hand towels out of old flour sacks or old linen brought from home. Perhaps a collection can be made for school use of almost-used bars of toilet soap, discarded at home.

Cleanliness in the School, Community, and Nation

Social activities and study of public health laws as outlined on the CALENDAR will help drive home the most important reasons for care in health—service for and unselfish protection of others. The United States Public Health Service issues helpful mimeographed bulletins, an example of which is "Water Supplies for Rural Homes," *Health News*, No. J 24, June 9, 1932.

Marionettes Who Practice Health

A jolly device for interesting children in health practices was suggested in material furnished by The League of Red Cross Societies:

"Those Juniors who have the task of giving health talks to young children will be interested in a suggestion which has come to us from a public health nurse for making these talks amusing as well as instructive. When this nurse has to speak before a class of small children, she slips into her hand-bag a cloth animal, such as a dog, a cat or a monkey—one of those animals of which only the head is stuffed, the body forming a sort of a glove which you slip over your hand, with the thumb and second finger in the forepaws. These animals have such appealing faces that the children soon come to know them and ask for them by name.

"At a certain point in the lecture, out comes Fido or Mimi or Joko, and the audience questions him as to the number of hours he sleeps, the number of glasses of milk he drinks, whether he sleeps with his windows open—anything that he can answer with 'yes' or 'no' or with a number which he taps out with his paw.

"When it comes to questions of cleanliness, he gives a very good demonstration of washing behind the ears which so delights his audience that they are eager to try it themselves as soon as they have a chance."

(Continued from page 3)

product is of a quality that will keep those helped from feeling that they have become refugees or protégés. The discussion on the second page of this TEACHER'S GUIDE is pertinent to this project of garment making. There are few opportunities with as strong a "social" motive.

Out of the Jungle

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

EVERY morning just before sunrise the mail plane leaves Cristobal on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama and flies across to Balboa on the Pacific side.

The tri-motor Ford waiting on the aviation field, like a great June bug with spread wings, is equipped with wicker seats like a motor bus. Just before the doors close, an attendant hands each passenger an envelope containing cotton and chewing gum. If you feel a bit nervous, better stuff your ears and begin to chew.

The machine is bumping over the field, but presently it runs smoothly and by its shadow you see that the wheels have left the earth. We are going skyward. It is not a tropical sky of scalding blue such as you might expect, but one of mother-of-pearl, shimmering above a waste of tattered islets and lonely reaches of water. Clouds surge above and below us, and from them issues a mysterious silver sun.

Simon Bay is spread like a jewel-blue blanket wrinkling softly against the land-edges; a blanket with a silken sheen, fringed with spume. Through it we can look down onto the ribs of the sea bottom, each with a wash of foam on the surface. A streak of water running uncertainly toward Gatun Lake like a grass-grown path marks the abandoned French Canal. Now we are hovering over the lake. It steams in the sun, two thousand feet below, and the wisps of mist thus formed rise to mingle with the vapors of the air.

But through the scattered, fragmentary world beneath us, there runs a definite purpose—the great canal.

We can see it clearly mapped, and trace its channel even through Lake Gatun by means of the white markers that look no bigger than pawns on a chessboard. At the Atlantic end, which we are fast leaving, an ocean liner lies in the first section of Gatun lock like a shuttle fitted to its case. It is waiting to be lifted into the second compartment by the in-rushing water, then into the third; after which it will emerge into the lake eighty-five feet above sea level. It is as though the ship had mounted a stairway of three steps, two of them twenty-seven and one-half feet high, the other thirty.

Now it can proceed under its own steam across Gatun Lake and through the famous

Gaillard or Culebra cut. But just before the cut is reached, the Chagres River enters the lake; and the Chagres is the key to the canal construction.

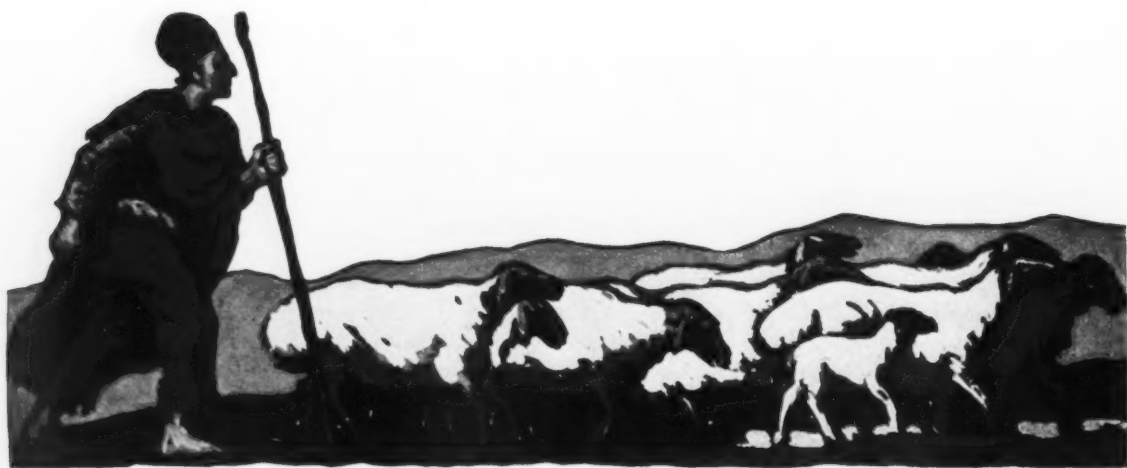
Its waters have been dammed on the Atlantic side to form the lake, whose islands are but the tops of submerged hills. Beneath its surface lie the swamps of the jungle. The spillway of the Gatun dam provides the power that operates the locks on both sides of the Isthmus, as well as the lighting of the Canal Zone. Among the many islands in Gatun Lake we can distinguish one larger than the others. It is Barro Colorado—a sanctuary for tropical wild life and an institute of research.

Now comes the orange gash of Culebra (which means snake): a nine-mile groove through a rocky mountain. The lake is behind us. The shadow of our plane moves far below us across a sea of dense forest. We can follow the gleam of the canal and the line of the railway almost parallel. Even the thatched huts and banana plantations along the way are discernible.

The hilltops look like thick banks of moss, or like lichen growing in miniature tree form, splashed with lemon, coral and violet where the tropical spring has burst into bloom. At the other end of the cut, the canal meets the first of the Pacific locks; just as ships must climb three steps on the east side, so they must descend three steps on the west.

Pedro Miguel, commonly called Peter McGill, is the first of these locks. Near it we can detect two dark, lacy structures; giant cranes, known as Ajax and Hercules, that render first aid to disabled ships. We are nearing the Pacific side of the Isthmus now, and only the two Miraflores locks remain to mark the terminus of the canal. The steel sea-gate of the last measures eighty-seven feet in height and opens into the western ocean. A cloud of wings passes under us, as a flock of gulls, started by the noise of our engine, wings seaward.

The Pacific gleams below, more pearly than the sky. We have come about fifty miles in thirty minutes; have viewed one of the world's greatest wonders before breakfast, and now are swooping smoothly to earth, landing in sight of the hill from which Balboa first saw the Pacific.



SINCE the very dawn of history, wandering tribes have pastured great flocks of sheep in the Persian uplands, and the shepherd is celebrated in Persian song and legend. Tradition relates that the great Cyrus himself, the first king of Persia and conqueror of kings, was a shepherd in his youth.

Wool is produced in great abundance in nearly every part of Persia, and Persian weavers have always had the finest material for their craft at hand. The silky wool of the Persian sheep makes yarn of great resilience and luster, excellent for rug making. Persian sheep are a larger, longer-fleeced breed than I have ever seen elsewhere. Their size and fine wool are due in part to the high altitude and fine dry climate of the Persian plains and to the rich grass that springs up so luxuriantly along the watercourses in that semi-desert land.

The sheep in my native village were very large, and their fluffy wool hung like a thick cloak to their knee joints. Their tails were so large that sometimes a sheep would drag behind it an appendage almost as big as itself. The tails, however, were not burdened with the thick fleece that covered the body. The hair on the tails was curly and fine, but too short to be of any use in weaving. The value of the tails was in the fat which we used in cooking.

From early spring till the first snowfall the sheep were pastured all day long in the meadows near the village, and our farmers entrusted their flocks to the gentle care of a Kurdish shepherd called Baldhead Ichu. He was not old; indeed he was only a youth, but he had lost his hair during a smallpox epidemic. His head was entirely bare of hair except for a few scanty tufts at the back of his neck. He had no need for the barber's services, and in spite of his bald

The Shepherd

YOU'EL B. MIRZA

head he was an object of envy to every boy in the village, for we had to have our heads shaved once a month.

Ichu swam in our river on a hot summer day, while his sheep grazed on the bank. I have seen him climb out of the water and stand absolutely naked on the bank for a time, calmly looking over his flock.

The boys of the village used to bathe in the same beautiful stream where Ichu took his baths, but we always bathed a few feet upstream so that we would not come in contact with the water that had touched him. His appearance was ugly because of his pockmarked face, but he was a friendly and happy soul and a very faithful shepherd. My memory of him is very vivid. He was rather picturesquely clad in ragged trousers of blue cotton cloth, a blue cotton shirt which he never buttoned in summer, and a girdle of twisted folds of muslin that once had been white. He had a shaggy woolen cloak, so large that he could wrap himself entirely in it, and an old felt hat. He went barefoot nearly all the year.

In his girdle he carried his flute, which he could play with a pleasing skill. Often he beguiled his lonely hours among his flock with the ancient plaintive melodies of our Persian folk music.

The first songs I sang I learned from Ichu, and he taught me to whistle, too. Sometimes he



and His Sheep

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

made up his own words for his songs. A favorite one was something like this:

"I am a shepherd from Azerbaijan,
My sheep are fat and woolly;
My flute is my only possession,
But I am happy as a khan.
Spring has come to Azerbaijan,
And the nightingale is dressed in red;*
The nightingale sings in the *chinnar* tree,
And his song purifies my soul."

Often I have seen Ichu stretched out under a *chinnar* (sycamore) tree in the midst of his flock, looking lazily off toward the slopes of the Kurdish Mountains that came down to meet our pleasant meadows. Apparently no weightier thought was in his mind than where to pasture his sheep on the morrow. One of the requisites for a good shepherd is knowledge of the surrounding hills and streams and where the best grass grows. Baldhead Ichu knew all the country for miles about, and rarely pastured his flock in the same spot more than three days in succession. He led his sheep in turn from one choice feeding ground to another. When winter came he collected from each employer his summer's wage, a measure of grain or a sack of potatoes, and thus provided with food for himself and his family for the winter he de-

parted to his home in the mountains to live a life of leisure until spring brought him again to his shepherd's duties.

Ichu's big yellow sheep dog, who was named Rustom for the mightiest and most beloved of Persian heroes, was well cared for. He partook of the same food which his master ate, hard bread and goat's milk. When the sun had risen to the middle of the heavens, and the sheep, panting from the heat, would gather under the shade of the walnut trees that dotted our meadows, while the goats climbed aimlessly up and down the banks of the stream or wandered up the little hills near by, Ichu would catch one or two of the goats and fill his big copper bowl with goat's milk, once for himself and once for his dog. The dog was much handsomer and cleaner than the shepherd. I enjoyed patting Rustom on the head, but nothing could have induced me to put my hand on Ichu's pock-marked head.

Ichu had perfect control over his flock which numbered some two hundred fat-tailed sheep and about thirty goats. When time came to drive them back to the village he whistled a clear calling note, and instantly his dog would start running about to gather the flock together. At the sound of the shepherd's whistle the leader of the flock would turn his head toward home, and one by one, urged by the dog, the other sheep stopped nibbling the sweet grasses and followed. Ichu, carrying his long shepherd's stick which he rarely had to use, walked behind, while his dog ran back and forth, first inspecting the front line of march, then stopping by the middle of the procession, and finally falling to the rear to report to Ichu, with a joyful bark, that everything was proceeding in good order. Then he would start all over again, stopping

* The expression "dressed in red" is a Persian way of saying that one is happy.

occasionally to sniff at something along the dusty road.

The fat sheep shuffled softly along in the thick yellow dust, with their big tails swinging from side to side. The goats, wild and happy, skipped playfully about, and now and then a frisky one would jump on a low mud wall and stride importantly along until it was scared back into

the flock by the barking of the dog or a tap from the shepherd's stick. Alongside proudly marched the great yellow dog, Rustom, with an air of knowing that he bore a hero's name, and behind came the carefree shepherd, content with another day's work well done. Such a scene may be observed any summer evening in almost every Persian village.

The Good Omen

CARL MOON

Illustrations by the Author

SEATING herself on a big rock beside the steep trail, Cho-ee-mah looked down on the desert below. But she did not really see the wide plains of sage and sand stretching away beneath her, for her mind was filled with thoughts of other things.

It had been a hard year for the people in the little Indian village on top of the mesa where she lived. Food had been scarce during the long winter; and now the spring had come with cold, dry winds, but no rain for the little fields of corn and melons that lay along the edge of the desert. Even rabbits, usually plentiful, had gone to the far-away hills in search of green food, and most of the hunters had made long journeys in search of them only to return to their homes, empty handed.

Cho-ee-mah had stopped beside the trail to think—to think of an exciting thing.

At home, her little sister lay weak and thin for the want of nourishing food. She had not been strong during the winter, and although there had been enough of the dried beans and chili these no longer tempted Juana's appetite. The man from the store at Twin Hills had said that Juana needed good food like the broth from a rabbit stew, and when Cho-ee-mah had asked

the little sister if a rabbit stew would tempt her she had smiled brightly and said, "I would like that—very much". That had been three whole days ago, but no rabbits had been found, and now Cho-ee-mah, by accident, discovered where there were some, a secret place almost within bow-shot of the very mesa on which the village stood.

How to get some of these rabbits, that was what puzzled Cho-ee-mah. It was a man thing—this job of hunting—and there was no grown-up man in the family since her father had gone on the Long Sleep the summer before. Of course there was Ko-otza, her mother's fifteen-year-old brother who lived with them, but it would do no good to ask him to go hunting in



Cho-ee-mah had stopped beside the trail to think

this rabbit place. He would never permit any twelve-year-old girl to tell *him* where to hunt, and she knew he would just laugh at her if she were to tell him that there were rabbits to be had near the mesa. Cho-ee-mah would not be able to tell him plainly to go there to hunt, but there might be some other way. She felt like laughing when she thought about it. Men, especially young men, were so sure they knew everything, particularly about hunting, and now they were all going far away on hunting trips that lasted two or three days, when there were rabbits almost at their very doors.

That afternoon she started out to investigate a spot on the distant wall of the long mesa where a small land-slide had exposed a patch of white earth. She had hoped this would be good pottery clay as she and her mother painted jars to sell at the distant railway station, when white people had money enough to buy them, and the clay they were now using was not very satisfactory. After much walking and hard climbing she had found that she could not go quite near enough to the white earth to tell what kind it was. She would have to feel it between her fingers before she could know, and it would take the strength of a man to lay big rocks for steps that would enable a woman to reach it.

Tired and disappointed, she had turned back, and then she had made the discovery. In trying to get to the patch of white earth she had had to cross a small plot of ground almost inclosed by a deep curve in the mesa wall. It was green with soft grass and small plants that grew beneath the sagebrush. There was no spring at hand, yet here was sufficient water to feed a fairly large plot, though the great desert was parched and dry.

As she stood there, wondering about it, a small black shadow passed over her and moved swiftly across the sunlit ground at her feet. She looked to see a big rabbit hawk slowly circling the air above her. As she watched it she saw a second hawk winging his way a little above the first. Rabbit hawks meant just one thing; there were rabbits in that patch of sage with the green grass beneath it. Carefully she examined the ground and after a little she discovered fresh rabbit tracks.

"Ah-ee! They are here." she exclaimed under her breath. There could be no mistake about it. Those hawks were waiting for some unsuspecting rabbit to wander out of the protecting patch of sagebrush where they could be pounced upon before they could run back to cover. Cho-ee-mah's heart thumped with excitement. It was plain enough why these rabbits had been

unmolested by the village hunters. The little green patch could not be seen from the lofty mesa top above, and the only trail that led to it was no longer used and the unkept path had become rough and narrow.

Cho-ee-mah had started back up the trail. When she had ascended a little way she had turned and looked down at the green patch of earth below. It was then that she saw where the water came from that had kept the plot of ground so green. In a deep fissure in the great rock wall that towered above, snow from the previous winter had collected and had packed hard like ice. Being on the north side of the mesa, where the sun never shone upon it, it had melted very slowly, and the water had trickled out at the bottom of the fissure to feed the bright patch of grass beneath the protecting sage.

As Cho-ee-mah sat there beside the trail and thought about all this she grew more and more anxious to have Ko-otza get at least one of those rabbits so that little Juana could have the stew she needed so badly. Like most men and boys of the village, Ko-otza was very fearful of bad signs and omens, and easily influenced by good ones. That morning he had started at day-break on a hunting trip only to return a little later and announce that he could not hunt this day because there was a red dawn, and a black crow had flown right across his path making a dark spot against the red sky. Red for bloodshed, and black for death,—that was what the men thought, and when these two colors were seen together by a hunter he must turn back and hunt another day when better signs might appear.

Cho-ee-mah had always felt that men were foolish to be governed by such things, especially after talking with the missionary lady at Twin Hills. The missionary lady had said that men would not need to have fear of signs and such things if they knew enough to say silent prayers to the one God who was more powerful than all others. She had also said that often this one God gave people more than they asked for if their prayers were not mean or selfish. Secretly, for she dare not tell others about it, Cho-ee-mah believed the missionary lady was right because she had the look of truth in her eyes, and had always told her true things. She remembered that one day, more than a year ago, she had lost her most valued possession, a beautiful silver ring. It had been lost on this steep trail as she was going for clay, and although she had made many prayers about it to the tribal gods, and placed a feathered prayer stick in the village

shrine at the foot of the mesa, the ring had never been found. They didn't seem to help much.

A prayer to the missionary lady's God could do no harm, and maybe he would tell her how to get one of those nice rabbits for a stew for poor little Juana. She closed her eyes, just as the missionary lady had said, and tried to think loving thoughts as she asked to be shown what to do.

A simple plan popped into her mind, and she almost jumped to her feet. She fairly flew up the trail to her home where she found little Juana asleep, and her mother seated beside a big pot preparing the evening meal of dried beans and chili. Quickly she told her mother all about her discovery, and about the pocket of hard snow that fed the little plot of ground where the rabbits were.

"You know Ko-otza will not go to that place if we tell him it is a good place to hunt. Is it not so?" said Cho-ee-mah.

"Umph," grunted her mother thoughtfully. "It may be. Men do not like to have women tell them things about hunting, and Ko-otza thinks himself a man."

"But if you tell him about that place on the mesa wall where the patch of white earth is," suggested Cho-ee-mah, "and that you want him to get some of it and bring it to you, he would do that."

"Yes, I know he would do that," assented her mother.

"That is all I want you to do," replied Cho-ee-mah joyfully. "If you tell him it is on that old trail that used to lead to the clay pit, and that only a very strong man and a good one to climb can get up to that white earth place, he will be sure to go, and he will have to cross that place where the rabbits are."

That night as she bent over a moccasin she was mending Cho-ee-mah heard her mother ask Ko-otza if, when he went hunting the next morning, he would go down to the desert by way of the old clay-pit trail and bring her a sample of the white earth on the far wall of the mesa. "Only a strong man, and one who can climb well can reach that white spot of earth," said the mother, and Cho-ee-mah felt happy when she heard Ko-otza say that he would go that way when he went to hunt, and would get a sample of the white earth.

Cho-ee-mah put the mended moccasin away, and went in the little room where she slept. From a small rawhide box where she kept her choicest possessions she took out four bluebird feathers. She selected two of the largest and



A little after dawn Ko-otza started on his hunting trip

slipped them into her belt. She hated to part with them, but she told herself that it was in a good cause. Taking the water jar as an excuse for leaving the house, she stepped out into the bright starlight. She would go to the spring for water, but first she would attend to a more important matter.

She hurried to the old trail over which Ko-otza would pass when he went to look for the patch of white earth. Part way down it she placed one of the blue feathers in the middle of the path, and farther on she placed the other one where it could be plainly seen. A bluebird's feather was, in the eyes of the village hunters, the best of all good signs. Ko-otza might overlook one of the feathers, but he would hardly overlook two, and one would be quite enough to make him extra watchful for game.

When Cho-ee-mah said good night to little Juana, she hugged her tight and whispered.

"I have said a prayer this day for a rabbit for you—a rabbit for a nice big stew, and tomorrow, you shall see that my prayer will be answered."

Little Juana smiled and said she hoped so, and that she was sure she could eat a very big bowl of stew if she had it.

A little after dawn next morning Ko-otza started on his hunting trip. As she watched him make his way toward the head of the old trail Cho-ee-mah felt a thrill of excitement run

through her. Would he find the bluebird feathers, and would he find rabbits in the green patch at the foot of the mesa?

Later, as she busied herself about the house with her regular morning work, a sudden fear came to her, a fear that Ko-otza might go through that green patch of ground and not see the rabbit tracks. What if he did not notice that green plot of ground at all?

"Do you think I can have that good stew this day, Cho-ee-mah?" asked Juana from her couch of sheep skins.

"Yes, you must have it," replied Cho-ee-mah almost fiercely. Then she remembered her prayer to the missionary lady's God, and she added more confidently, "You shall see, little sister, I am sure that there ——." But she did not finish what she had begun to say for just at that moment Ko-otza burst into the house triumphantly holding two big fat rabbits.

"Hi!" he called out excitedly, "I have found a place, a very secret place where there are rabbits, and only I know of it. Only a good hunter would ever find it, and tomorrow I will get more."

"Ah-ee!" exclaimed Cho-ee-mah's mother, with delight, and a great show of surprise, "Where is that place? It must be near as you have not been gone very long."

"Umph," grunted Ko-otza, "It isn't a thing

for a woman to know about. Only a man, and a good hunter would find it, and only I must have this secret or others will hunt in that place."

"Ah, maybe it is so," replied the mother with a quick glance at Cho-ee-mah.

"What a great hunter you are!" she exclaimed as she began to prepare the rabbits for the pot.

"Umph, it was a good luck day," replied Ko-otza loftily. "I have hunted much and I know enough to watch for signs and omens." And now he stepped before Cho-ee-mah and opened a buckskin pouch suspended from his belt. "Look at these good luck signs I found" and he held out the two bluebird feathers. "I will give these to Juana that she may have good luck in getting well." And now he once more put his hand into the open pouch and drew it out. "And here is still more good luck—for you." To Cho-ee-mah's amazement and delight he laid her long lost silver ring in her outstretched hand. "Found it on the trail near the second feather I picked up."

"Ah-ee-ee!" exclaimed Cho-ee-mah. "You are a good hunter, after all."

"Umph," grunted Ko-otza as he put down his bow and arrows and turned to the door. He didn't understand those words—"after all"—but he thought to himself, "Girls and women don't know anything."



The Fredericksburg house that Washington gave his mother

Washington's Fredericksburg

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Illustrations from the Fredericksburg Chamber of Commerce

MOUNT VERNON, George Washington's home from the time he was fifteen until the close of his life, has become familiar to thousands of school boys and girls from all over the United States. And his birthplace at Wakefield is also fast becoming an accessible shrine. But in Fredericksburg we may walk in the footsteps of the boy George Washington and follow along on the very streets he traveled when, as a world-famous statesman, he returned

to visit his aging mother in the old home town.

On Sunday morning with his father and mother, his sister Betty, and his brothers, Samuel, John Augustus and Charles, the boy George Washington used to come to town over from the Ferry Farm to attend services at St. George's church, which is still standing. The Ferry Farm has been purchased by the George Washington Foundation. A marker at the entrance begins with the words, "Washington's

Boyhood Home." The old farmhouse and all the original buildings and equipment are to be restored and there children of our country may see what farm life was like in Virginia, when our first president was a boy. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and other such organizations are to be allowed to have summer camps on the Ferry Farm, and to hold reunions where once echoed the joyous laughter of young Washington.

There came sad days for the happy family on the big farm. The father died in 1743. After his father's death, Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, invited the fifteen-year-old boy to come and live with him at Mount Vernon. But Washington never forgot Fredericksburg. His home town saw him in his English officer's uniform before he marched away with General Braddock, and after he had won his first military fame at the battle of Braddock's field. Meantime Washington's sister Betty had married Colonel Fielding Lewis who built the mansion later known as Kenmore, for his sixteen-year-old bride. There one May day after the close of the French and Indian War, George Washington arrived with his bride. He was taking her from her home at Williamsburg to Mount Vernon. And all Fredericksburg was at the windows to see the bride ride by in her coach with George Washington, to visit his mother on her farm across the Rappahannock.

As Washington was a member of the House of Burgesses, he was obliged to go every spring and fall to attend the sessions of the legislature at Williamsburg. The time required for the horseback trip through the woods between his home and the capital was usually four days with the necessary stop overs. In his diaries we read over and over, "Lodged at Fredericksburg."

On the twelfth of May, 1774, he wrote in his diary, "Set off with Mrs. Washington for Williamsburg. Dined at Dumfries and lodged at Colonel Lewis's in Fredericksburg."

"Thirteenth. At Fredericksburg all day. Dined at Colonel Lewis's and spent the evening at Weedon's."

Kenmore, the scene of so many happy gatherings in old colony days, is one of the priceless treasures of Fredericksburg. You may visit the mansion and walk from room to room in the house where great and famous men of old Vir-



The rear view of Dr. Mercer's apothecary shop showing his herb garden

ginia were entertained with their wives. Some of the original furniture has come back home to Kenmore, including Betty Washington's beautiful writing desk. There is now a tall old clock at Kenmore that belonged to Mary, the mother of Washington. It stood once in the home at Ferry Farm.

Once during the American Revolution when Betty Lewis was out of the house, she was told that a tall officer had walked in, gone straight up the stairs, and was lying sound asleep on her bed. Sure enough, she found an officer in his full uniform, boots and all, lying across her bed, asleep. She stepped softly in to see his face. Then she discovered that he was her brother George.

When Mr. and Mrs. Washington "spent the evening at Weedon's," that means that they had a good time at the Rising Sun Tavern, for Mr. Weedon, the postmaster, kept that tavern. History assures us that for years the leading spirits in favor of American independence used to gather around the fireplace in the taproom and argue and debate until daylight faded and the candles burned low. Seven men of Fredericksburg who afterwards became generals in the Continental Army used to join in the discussions with George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, George Mason, John Paul Jones, the future naval commander. Even Patrick Henry was once there.

Indeed, it is believed that the principles of the American school system and much that later formed the Constitution of the United States, were first put into words by the men who held their informal debates in the Rising Sun Tavern.

During the Braddock campaign, George Washington and Dr. Hugh Mercer, then a militiaman from Pennsylvania, became great friends, and it is believed that it was Washington who induced Dr. Mercer to settle in Fredericksburg.

When the doctor bought a house on Main Street and opened an apothecary shop in it, George Washington opened an office in the shop. For twelve years he had desk room in this drug store. In Fredericksburg he had business interests to look after for his mother and for himself. Probably those who wished to have their lands

his sister Betty persuaded their mother to leave the farm she loved and move into town to be near her daughter. And to shade the path between Kenmore and his mother's garden gate, George Washington planted thirteen horse-chestnut trees and named them after the thirteen colonies. One of those trees is still alive.

The house, furnished as it was in the olden time, is open to the public. There is the peaceful front room where Washington often visited his mother, and where she died, and there is the garden where, when the great Lafayette came to call, he found the serene Mrs. Washington, with her skirts tucked up, digging in her borders.

When the war was over, and Washington had resigned his commission, he returned to Mount Vernon, and reached home on Christmas Eve.

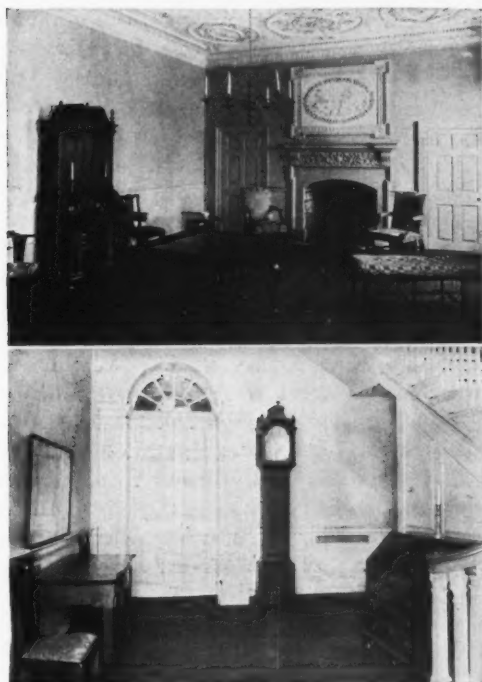
One of his sister Betty's children wrote a letter to a friend at home in Fredericksburg, in which she said: "I must tell you what a charming day I spent at Mount Vernon with Mama and Sally. The General and Madame came home on Christmas Eve, and such a racket as the servants made! They were glad of their coming. Three handsome young officers came with them. All Christmas afternoon people came to pay their respects and duty. Among these were stately dames and gay young women. The General seemed very happy and Mrs. Washington was up before daybreak making everything as agreeable as possible."

Doubtless somebody ran over and read that letter to Washington's mother.

In February, although the weather was snowy and the roads were bad, George Washington made the trip to Fredericksburg to visit his mother and tell her all the good news. Perhaps even in that winter time he walked out to Meditation Rock, the spot on the high bluff overlooking the valley, where, during the long war, his mother had gone day after day to read her Bible and to meditate and pray.

She was now thankful that her son could settle down at Mount Vernon and be a peaceful farmer for the rest of his life. But as we all know, George Washington was elected first President of the United States, and before he started to New York for his inauguration, he made a farewell visit to his mother.

It was long, long ago when that mother parted with her famous son for the last time on earth. And when we stand in that room we seem to share their farewell. A few months later, when George Washington was the great president of a new nation, his mother died, and was carried to her grave beside Meditation Rock, and Fredericksburg mourned her departure.



The "great room" and the entrance hall of Kenmore. The clock and the table belonged to Mary Washington

surveyed and their boundaries settled consulted him at his office in the apothecary shop. And here, as at the Rising Sun Tavern, the patriots often gathered to discuss affairs of the colonies.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War Dr. Hugh Mercer joined the Continental Army, became a general, and lost his life at the battle of Princeton. But if he could return to Fredericksburg now, he might feel perfectly at home in the old apothecary shop, which has been restored and restocked.

But perhaps the treasure of Fredericksburg that is nearest the hearts of all Americans is the home of Mary, the mother of Washington.

In 1772, George Washington bought this house for his mother. Three years later he and

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*'Tis time for the witches,
'Tis time for the cats;
And it's time for the goblins,
And big black bats,
For the hour has struck twelve!*

*It's time for the broom ride,
And ghosts to steal out;
And it's time for the witches
To be prowling about;
For the hour has struck twelve!*

DORIS C., 5B, DECATUR, ILL.

PUERTO RICO IS CORRECT

MORE than thirty years ago when one of the most beautiful islands of the West Indies became a part of the United States, its name got spelled wrong. It was mistakenly called Porto Rico. "Porto" is Portuguese or Italian for port, but it isn't Spanish, and the island was Spanish from the time of Columbus. American sailors called it Porto Rico, instead of using the correct word "Puerto" (pronounced Pwair toe) which was harder for them to say. So it got into our geographies the wrong way and has been pronounced and spelled the wrong way all these years. A few months ago Congress decreed that the correct spelling must hereafter be used.

It is interesting to know that "Puerto Rico" was first applied to the snug, land-locked little harbor of San Juan, the insular capital and chief city. At that time, the island carried the name of San Juan, given it by Columbus, so named after Saint John (San Juan) the Baptist. But the Spaniards soon began to call the city and

port "San Juan" and the island "Puerto Rico."

Annexed in 1898 as a "colony," Puerto Rico is now administered largely as a territory by a law passed before our entry into the World War. The people are full citizens of the United States and very proud of it. They call themselves "insular Americans," and us from the States they call "continental Americans." —H. C. T.

THE CALENDAR STORY

THE picture of Vittoria and Jocopo almost missed being painted, for when I reached their house in Sicily no one was at home. Being tired from my climb half way up the mountain, I sat on the doorstep to rest. Just across the valley rose Mt. Aetna, smoking gently in the morning light. The valley dropped straight down to the sea. There jagged rocks stood out from shore, lapped with rings of foam.

I heard the tap of hoofs on the stony path and Vittoria came around the corner with a herd of goats. But she could not pose that day. Her mother had taken olives to market in Taormina, and Jocopo had gone down to the shore. "Not way down there to the sea?" "Yes, to get lemon skins for the goats." So there was no one but Vittoria to grind corn and cook polenta. While she talked she made a fire of sticks, placed a tripod over it, and on that a pot of water. She poured the water from a beautiful red jar such as Greeks and Romans had used centuries before her. Then she filled the bowl of a stone hand mill with shelled corn, and began grinding it with a round stone.

Hardly had she finished when a shaggy donkey clicked up to the door and stood waiting. He was loaded with great paniers filled with dried lemon rinds. The Sicilian goats like to chew these while they rest in their shadowy stables during the heat of the day, and because of them they give better milk. Behind the donkey came Jocopo, a long-legged boy, hot and tired from his climb. Vittoria was already stirring the corn meal. Jocopo sat down opposite her, took the big wooden spoon and began stirring the mush. It was noon. I saw that I must leave the tired, hungry children to eat and rest, and come another day. But I had two pictures in my mind. One of Vittoria and Jocopo watching the pot, the other of a girl grinding corn in a hand mill. I knew that it was rare to find anything so primitive in Italy, even under the shadow of Mt. Aetna. So promising to come back the next morning, I left Jocopo and Vittoria joyfully counting their chickens before they were hatched.

—A. M. U.

The Eagle and the Boy

FLORENCE M. GILLETT

WHEN the goddess Hebe, beautiful cup-bearer of the gods, married Hercules, Jupiter looked about for someone equally as lovely to take her place. He chanced to see Ganymede, the son of the king of Troy and the most beautiful of all mortals. While the youth was playing with his friends Jupiter, disguised as an eagle, swooped down and seized him and carried him up to heaven.

Homer says:

And godlike Ganymede,
most beautiful
Of men, the gods beheld;
and caught him up
To heaven, so beautiful
was he, to pour
The wine of Jove, and ever
dwell with them.

This eagle, as the constellation of Aquila, flies across the southern sky each night from May until November. You can find it easily in October, a somewhat fan-shaped group of stars. Altair, its brightest member, is about ten times as bright as our own sun, but its pale yellow light is at least fifteen years old when it reaches our eyes. Altair is approaching us at the rate of about twenty miles a second, but thousands of years will elapse before any change in its position can be noticed from the earth.

Eta is a variable star and you can watch its changes of light by comparing it with some nearby star of similar brightness. Eta will remain at its brightest for forty hours, then it will slowly grow fainter for sixty-six hours and then gradually recover its former brilliance. Watching variable stars is so fascinating that many people have banded themselves into an organization in order to exchange notes of their experiences, and the science of astronomy is greatly helped by such enthusiastic pursuit of a hobby.

In June, 1918, a new star appeared in Aquila. Within a week's time its light increased many thousandfold until it grew brighter than Altair. There had not been a new star of such splendor for three hundred years, and many eyes were turned skyward. But within a few weeks its glory dimmed until it became invisible without a telescope.

We speak of such stars as new or temporary stars, but they are really permanent stars which are temporarily bright. It is believed that some flare-up within them causes a sudden increase in their brightness. Science has no record of the actual

birth of a star, so we are apparently voicing a truth when we speak of "the everlasting stars."

To the east of Aquila you will see Aquarius, the Water-Carrier. This constellation of faint stars represents Ganymede. In the old star pictures he is shown holding a jar from which water, as a stream of small stars, flows down the sky into the mouth of the Southern Fish.

Fomalhaut means the Fish's Mouth. It is a lovely gem that seems more brilliant than it really is because it lacks brilliant neighbors.

It is a rose-colored sun that gives at least twenty times as much light as our own sun and its radiance travels twenty-four years before we see it.

Fomalhaut is closer to the southern horizon than any other bright star that can be seen from our northern states. The ancient Persian astronomers marveled at its beauty hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, and in the days of ancient Greece it was an object of worship at sunrise.



Aquila in October

Piazza Montanara

SIGRID
GUNDERSEN



A Roman wine cart

Brown Brothers

IF YOU are lucky enough to be able to spend some time in Rome, go to Piazza Montanara, rent a room from an Italian family, preferably on the third or fourth floor. Live there for several weeks, and you will see the daily life of the Roman people—a life which has not changed much in three hundred years.

It is amusing to look down from your window and watch the crowd. Wandering costermongers praise their articles in high-pitched voices. Amazing carts painted in the gayest colors stop in front of the "osteria" while the driver refreshes himself with a drink and discusses the latest news with the inn-keeper and his wife.

The picture shows us a wine cart. It is a pity you cannot see the colors: the plumes on the horse are bright red, his blanket is a golden yellow, the carriage is green (the shade that best protects the driver against the sun) the reins are yellow. Sometimes he wears a white apron with red fringes as a protection against flies. The barrels are full of wine. The driver wears a white shirt, green trousers and a green cap. Sometimes he has a wide-brimmed felt hat instead of the cap.

The Romans love fresh air and they pass the greater part of their lives out of doors. They work out in the street, eat there and sit there the whole day long. If the square is too hot, they move to some shady street. The square is empty when it rains, but the minute the sun reappears, back come the families. The small, strong, brown children play about. Go down to the street, sit with one of these groups of gay people, talk to them and watch them eating. They never drink when chewing their food, and children never get coffee. They quench their thirst with fruit, and this gives them strong,

white, beautiful teeth which flash when they smile. They always seem to be happy and always on good terms with one another. I lived three months on the Piazza Montanara and during this time I never once saw the children fight and I very seldom heard them cry—they just played all day long.

The Italians are early risers. You can lie in your bed at three o'clock in the morning and hear the donkey-boys shout to their animals. They don't use a bridle; they just shout instructions to their donkeys and the donkeys understand them perfectly. The carts carry fruits, flowers and barrels of wine and are drawn by from one to three donkeys. They pass in a long line on their way to the market-place, and when they have passed, the square is quiet once more. You only hear the stamping of the cab-horse which has been standing in the street the whole night. The flies have begun to bother him. You also hear the low murmuring of the fountain, for of course there is a fountain here as in all the other piazzas of Rome. This fountain is one of the most famous, for it is adorned with wonderful sculptured tortoises.

About six o'clock you hear the bells of the two churches near the piazza. Those bells ring every day, morning and evening. Then you see a long line of straight-backed women carrying hampers full of flowers on their heads. Next come the news venders, old, tired people with big packs of newspapers, crying unceasingly: "*Il Popolo di Roma*," the name of Rome's most popular daily newspaper. The square becomes more and more lively. An old tram transformed into a bus slowly crosses the piazza; the modern comfortable bus passes it proudly. Both are full of people, workmen and shop-people,

and others are rushing across the piazza to catch the tram. Now it is eight o'clock and all the school-children are coming down the street. From the age of three until ten the Italian children wear white. They are always accompanied by some older person because of the heavy traffic. Notice their fine, tanned faces, their sparkling dark eyes, their beautiful black hair and their graceful way of moving. Go down in the street and mix with the children and you will be surprised at their courtesy. You seldom get pushed even though it may be quite difficult to make any headway in the narrow streets. If by any chance it happens, it is always followed by "Scusi"—"I beg your pardon."

Piazza Montanara is no longer a market-place as it was at the time of the ancient Romans, and therefore it is quiet and deserted during the middle of the day, when the sun is burning hot. But about four o'clock, when the working people

and the children have come home, the square becomes very lively again and you will witness the most amusing domestic scenes if you look out of your window. In the evening you will be surprised to see how suddenly it gets dark, for there is no twilight. All of a sudden the whole square is ablaze with lights streaming from the shops, the cafés and the street-lamps. The people now gather at the tables in front of the cafés. There they can sit for hours, just drinking a glass of lemonade or some coffee. They rarely drink wine except for meals, but then they drink it in big glasses as we drink water. The sound of voices mounts to the window with the sound of the children's laughter as they play round the tables where their families are seated. At midnight the Piazza lies dark except for the street-lamps, and you are alone with your thoughts of Caesar and Augustus in the Roman night.

—Norwegian Junior Red Cross Magazine

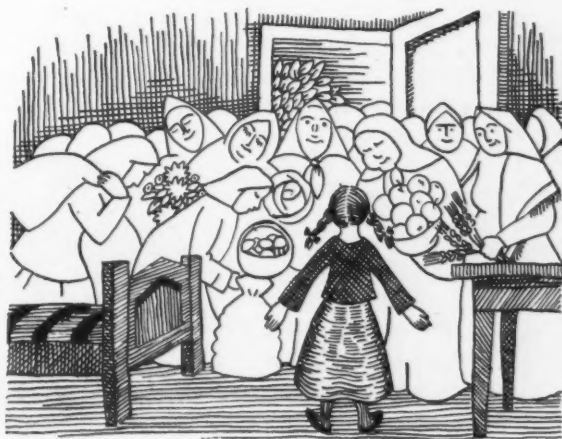
Autumn Godmothers

WE RECEIVED this drawing from Latvia without any information about it except that its title was "Autumn Godmothers" and that the sketch had been done in pen and ink by a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl. So we wrote Mrs. Ruth Spencer-Beckmann, of the Latvian Junior Red Cross, who has helped us out so generously before, and she replied:

"The sketch depicts the annual harvest festival which is celebrated in Latvia in the first days of October. It represents a child receiving many fruits of the harvest brought to her by loving godmothers. The small figure of a girl has been used to stand for all children in general.

"It is a custom here for each child to have several godparents, usually two godfathers and one godmother for a boy and two godmothers and one godfather for a girl. When a child is baptized, the father and mother choose suitable godparents, who solemnly promise to take responsibility for the child in case anything happens to the parents. No child here is supposed to be properly brought up without a godmother and a godfather.

"On namedays, birthdays, and all festivals of importance the godparents bring gifts to their



godchildren, spending the afternoon and drinking tea and making merry with them.

"In earlier days in Latgale, an eastern province of Latvia, when the fruits and grain were gathered, often some grain roots were left in the ground over which flowers of various kinds and colors were strewn as a special offering to the grain god Jumis (pronounced Yumis). Sometimes one still finds this old custom, though, of course, the idea of a special grain god has long since passed away.

"On harvest festival days wreaths are made, and grain and fruits are gathered and brought home. Many times the harvest fruits are taken to the church, where they are blessed as a sign of thankfulness for the abundant harvest and of hope for the one to come."



The N. C. F. pays freight on all the Christmas Boxes we send overseas. These Juniors with their Christmas Boxes represent the colored schools of La Grange, Georgia

Pennies Multiplied in the N. C. F.

ONE of the big moments of the Junior sessions in the National Red Cross Convention last spring came when it was time for contributions to be made to the National Children's Fund. For the first time, a place for handling in such contributions had been made on the program, and delegates had been asked beforehand to bring their checks for the Fund from the Junior membership they represented. There were rounds of applause when twenty-eight delegates stood up, gave the names of the chapters they represented and stated the amounts they had brought. The sums ranged all the way from \$5 from one of the smaller chapters to \$500 from one of the big ones. There was a grand total in that one day of \$1,665. You will see on the opposite page the list of projects for which your money is being used.

You have reason for pride in the National Children's Fund. For more than ten years its pennies and dollars, voluntarily contributed by American Juniors everywhere, have been at work carrying out in practical ways your pledge of fellowship with the children of other lands. Often the sum for this or that project is not large, but it may mean just the little bit of

extra help needed over a rough place in the road of Juniors elsewhere.

Juniors in some schools have made a special study of one or all the countries in which the National Children's Fund is at work. We will be glad to help such studies by sending you whatever material we have on the country or countries you may choose from the lot and to give you suggestions about where more material can be found. Learning more about the children of the lands where you share in Junior Red Cross work will make you unwilling ever to give up laying aside at least a little of your Service Fund for the National Children's Fund. It is a long arm that reaches far



Juniors at the summer sanatorium at Asari, Latvia, giving a play

over seas and mountains so that you may touch and strengthen the hands of comrades.

The winters are long in Latvia. It is hard for many children there to get all the sunshine needed to make their bones healthy and strong. And so at Asari on the Baltic the Latvian Junior Red Cross has for years had a Summer Sanatorium to take care of children with tuberculosis of the bone. Though some of these children have to stay in bed the whole time, they take part in international school correspondence and do wood carving, weaving, designing and em-

broidering. The Latvian Juniors have provided a radio over which these children can get music and theater programs. This letter came from the Director of the Junior Red Cross of Latvia:

Permit us to express to you our deepest gratitude for the sum of \$300 allotted to assist our summer colony at Asari. Owing to hard economic conditions in our country the number of children desiring free board at the colony has exceedingly increased, so that it is doubtful whether we shall be able to accept all the children asking for fresh air and good food this summer. The colony will be reopened on June 11, 1932, and will close the end of August. The children will be placed there in two groups of about 60 children each, and each group will stay for five weeks.

The Greek Junior Red Cross needs large quantities of quinine to fight malaria. They would also like us to help purchase tooth brushes for the Junior Red Cross dental clinic at Byron. Playground apparatus is also needed for the large refugee camp at Mymettus near Athens. In this camp are families moved from other countries for political reasons and as yet unable to house themselves. Anyone who has seen a colony of refugees knows how important it is to have a proper playground for the children after school hours, for each family is usually given one or two rooms and without a playground there is no place for the children to exercise or enjoy themselves.

Jugoslavia lacks bathing facilities for the children, and their Junior Red Cross has set itself the task of providing them in places where they are most needed. School canteens are also needed and playground apparatus. One very active group of Juniors in a village school has aided needy pupils, organized a canteen, cultivated flowers and vegetables. It now wishes to pipe pure drinking water into the school. The villagers have promised to do the manual labor and the Juniors have raised part of the necessary fund. We would like to complete it.

The Estonian Junior Red Cross is trying to provide stereopticon lanterns for poor schools so that they may benefit from the Red Cross lantern slides on health promotion and other Junior activities. The Estonian Junior Red Cross cannot afford field workers nor the wealth of printed material which we have in this country, so these lanterns are a very good means of accomplishing the work.

The Reading and Recreational Center which

we aided in Wilno, Poland, has been a great success. We are now asked to assist with a similar center in Warsaw. It is to be in a poor district of the city in a school that has been enrolled in the Junior Red Cross for seven years and has a membership of 1300 active Juniors. There is also a need for a wash room and a gymnasium, for such advantages seldom exist in their schools.

Not long ago National Headquarters received a remarkable book from the Albanian Vocational School which gave a story of the school for the ten years of its life. And that school, doing such big things in a country so small and so in need of just what the boys learn there, was started with money from your Fund, and every year you still have a big hand in

keeping it going. Its graduates are taking a big place in the building of their country. From every corner of that country more students come each year, so many that some must be turned away, for the school grows and grows.

The Juniors of America will not let these boys down. They will not fail to provide the means for sending the Christmas Boxes on their way. They will not miss the chance to share in the activities of their fellow members in Latvia, Poland, Greece, Hungary, Estonia and Jugoslavia. Just as they have been doing for all these years, they will carry on with the N. C. F.

N. C. F. PROJECTS, 1932

ALBANIA: *To continue support of the Albanian Vocational School, \$17,500.*

GREECE: *To complete playground for the Refugee Camp at Mymettus; to buy camp beds for groups traveling to Athens; to purchase tooth brushes and quinine, \$400.*

HUNGARY: *To help give hot meals and milk to needy pupils; to help found traveling dental clinic; to provide First Aid cabinets; to help buy playground equipment, \$400.*

POLAND: *To help install a recreation room in a poor district in Warsaw; to help buy a violet-ray lamp for Juniors threatened with tuberculosis; to help buy First Aid cabinets for poor rural groups, \$500.*

JUGOSLAVIA: *To help install two bath houses for Juniors; to help install pure drinking water in a village school, \$600.*

ESTONIA: *To help buy a stereopticon lantern; to help with the expense of a field worker for one year, \$300.*

LATVIA: *To help with the summer sanatorium for crippled children at Asari, \$300.*

To pay freight on Christmas Boxes, \$5,000.

Something

THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONIST

Pearl S. Buck
Friendship Press: \$1.50
(Ages 10 to 16)



Shirin and her grandfather

to Read

stranger and a foreigner? But Fah-li had no doubts. He loved and trusted the white doctor. He died trusting him.

By degrees, while he was at the hospital watching the long struggle for Fah-li's life, Ko-sen began to see that in the spirit in this place, not in war and fighting, lay hope for winning ultimate good for the common people. And so in the end he returned there to take up the work of service.

The book is beautifully and simply written. It is also extremely interesting.

BECAUSE they had spared Ko-sen's life, when the Chinese doctors despaired of it, the gods demanded that it be dedicated to their service. And so Ko-sen was given to the gray robes and the grayer shadows of the temple. In this temple there was one who was even younger and more unfortunate than Ko-sen, and that was Fah-li, the dead tumbler's son. He was only twelve years old and was always under displeasure because he played and laughed and made faces when he should have been working gravely at his tasks or studying his lessons. The two boys became friends, and soon ran away together, and joined the revolutionary army.

Ko-sen caught the high fervor of patriotism of the young captain who commanded them. He would die to drive the oppressive foreigner from China and restore justice and equality. But to the childish nature of Fah-li the discipline of the army was as distasteful as the severity of the temple had been.

"If I should be killed for the people it would not feed them any more or make them laugh a little more," he protested. Yet because he loved Ko-sen he stayed with him.

With the horror of battle came great disillusionment to Ko-sen. The young, idealistic troops were put in the forefront and the guns cut them down "like young bamboos." Only the professional soldiers, whose sole desire was for loot, were left. Nor were the enemy foreigners, but Chinese like Ko-sen himself. And at the close of the day Fah-li did not return.

Just before his torch burned out Ko-sen found Fah-li, scarcely breathing; and all night long he watched beside him, driving off the half-wild dogs that found a feast on the battlefield. Towards daybreak came a greater terror—the first white man Ko-sen had ever seen, come, as he supposed, to take the eyes and the hearts of the dying and dead for his strange medicine.

When, instead, he carried Fah-li to the mission hospital and cleaned and dressed his wound and treated him with kindness, Ko-sen could not understand. What was Fah-li to him, a

CHILDREN OF THE HOusetops

Youel B. Mirza: Doubleday, Doran: \$2.00

(Ages 9 to 12)

SHIRIN'S home was one of the largest in a village lying in a fertile valley among the mountains of Persia. Houses and barns were built of mud, and every housetop in the village was joined to every other housetop. Thither every child learned to climb as soon as he could walk, and there all played together.

Four older brothers Shirin had. Toma, the youngest, was only three years older than she was herself, but he was always in a hurry to grow up, to do a man's work, to be done with the girls' tasks he had to do while his sister was too little. He could never catch up to his older brothers, but at least he could lord it over Shirin because he was a boy. Shirin did not mind; she helped her mother and played with the other children and cuddled up to her old grandfather while he smoked his water pipe and told her stories.

They led a simple life in that village. In the spring they planted wheat, and at midsummer harvested it; later there were the grapes to be gathered and dried in the sun into raisins. The boys herded the buffaloes and goats and the girls kept the birds and rabbits from the ripening fruit. When they traveled, they rode on donkeys, and a visit to Shirin's mother's father, a day's ride away, was a great event.

This book is written by the same man who wrote "The Shepherd and His Sheep" on page 28 of this magazine. It is more of a story than our article is, but if you like the article, you will surely like the book, too. —J. C. W.

*These Swedish Juniors
were studying ancient
Greek history*



*They gave scenes from
Greek plays for their
J. R. C. fete*

Our Comrades Abroad

JUNIORS in the free city of Danzig carry on a crusade against tuberculosis. Recognizing that cleanliness is the first condition of health, they keep a watchful eye on personal cleanliness and also on the cleanliness of the classroom and the playground. The Junior Red Cross health program also includes information about healthful food, showing the great value of fruit, vegetables and milk.

The members hold sewing circles to make warm clothes for poor children and destitute old people. The school workshops are used to make toys and useful gifts of every kind for children's homes, homes for cripples, and orphanages. They also give musical evenings and send presents of radio sets, flowers, etc., to homes for the blind and for old people.

These Juniors helped in redecorating the school, procured books for poor scholars and for people living in out-of-the-way villages, repaired school furniture and rebound books. In this way they learned to respect public property.

EVERY day the Juniors of the Konopnicka Public School at Sosnowiec, Poland, take newspapers and magazines to the sick in the local hospital. The members of the handwork section have mended many dresses, shirts, aprons, overcoats and stockings and have distributed them among poor children.

THIS letter came from Uji School, Wakayama Prefecture, Japan, to Central School, Marysville, Kansas:

Many thanks for your letter and portfolio which you have kindly sent us; we appreciated them very much. Especially are we glad to have your photograph, which makes us feel closer to you. We are going to let you know a little of our school and home lives in Japan.

Generally we get up early in the morning at about half past six, and say good morning to our parents. At about seven o'clock we eat our breakfasts and go to school. Our school life is most pleasant for us; we enjoy it so much, not only in study but in play.

Lessons begin in every class at nine o'clock. We are very keen on them. First the "morning meeting" is held; all pupils and teachers meet together in the front garden. Then we sing the "Kimiga-Yo"—the national anthem of Japan—while our national flag is hoisted, and we make a bow in the direction of Tokio, where our imperial palace is.

Next studies begin. The lessons are: morals, composition, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, natural sciences, drawing, painting, singing, gymnastics and manual training. "Do everything with all your might," is the motto of our school, and there is no question that we always live up to it.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we go home and after having finished our practice, we go to play with friends. Usually we take our dinner at six o'clock, during which we enjoy our family life, and after having enjoyed this agreeable time, at about nine o'clock we go to bed.

This is a general sketch of the usual lives of Japanese children.

FOR several years the Juniors of Hungary have been saving and earning money to build a convalescent home for Juniors in their country. At length they have raised 15,000 pengos themselves, and recently they received a legacy of 5,000 pengos. (A pengo is worth 17½ cents.) So now they are able to go right ahead with the building.

Lowell School Recruits

GRACE R. ANDREW

LAST year the Lowell School of Duluth, Minnesota, made a brilliant discovery—the fun of being members of the Junior Red Cross.

With the opening of school came a desire for clubs. Everyone wanted to join. This was our chance. The Junior Red Cross needed new and enthusiastic recruits, and we felt sure that the Lowell School could furnish them. So the girls who had the club craze formed the first unit of workers. As time when on others felt as though they were missing something. By April all the eighth grade of thirty pupils had joined; and about twenty-five from the seventh grade were members. Boys as well as girls worked.

Our first project was a candy sale to raise money to buy dolls of a proper size to fill the overseas boxes. We dressed nine of these dolls in all. In the top of each box we placed a self-addressed card so that we might hear from our friends.

We also repaired and dressed dolls which we had collected for the children at the Nopeming Tubercular Sanatorium.

Next we made thirty bags of unbleached muslin. Handles were fastened at the top so that the bags could be tied to the sides of the beds to hold toys. These bags were given to hospitals. Using unbleached muslin we cut bibs the shape of rabbits. Part of these were bound with pink and part with blue bias tape. We embroidered a fine coat and buttonhole bouquet for bunny. We made fifty-four of these bibs, all of which were sent to hospitals for use in the children's wards.

When we were embroidering the bibs, boys helped, too. I was amused to notice one of the boys criticizing the way in which an eighth grade girl had embroidered hers.

The year's enthusiasm reached its highest point while we were packing a box for our friends at the Riverside Indian School. The seventh grade had a candy sale and with the proceeds they purchased many gifts. The eighth grade earned money and added many other gifts to the box, including eight puzzles and a copy of Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verse." The box was sent early in April, and in May we received a number of letters from our Red Cross friends. They seemed to enjoy most of all the book of poems and the puzzles.

We made portfolios for several different countries. Working in groups, all pupils took some part in making a portfolio.

The usual custom of our school has been for the graduating class to leave a gift for the school. The pupils asked the principal if they might instead establish a fund to be used for purchasing shoes for needy children.

The year had given so much pleasure to all of us as well as a wider and broader understanding of the happiness derived from helping others that we held two meetings during the summer.

In September we made twelve rag dolls and dressed thirty others for overseas boxes. We also made a large quantity of clothing and bedding, including three mattresses, six pillows and thirty-nine quilts.

In October we had a candy sale to which all members of the seventh and eighth grades contributed. One boy could not bring candy because his mother was away and he did not know how to make candy. The day of the sale he appeared with an angel cake which he had made. It would have done credit to an experienced cook. Later in the month the same boy worked five hours at twenty cents an hour and gave the dollar to our Red Cross.

We made jelly and gave it to the children at the Nopeming Tubercular Sanatorium.

In October the Chairman of the Volunteer Service of the Red Cross, presented the sixty-three girl workers with blue caps bearing a red cross and the forty-three boys with white sleeve bands with red crosses.

Miss Minnie Cann, a registered Red Cross nurse, came to our school twice a week. On Wednesday she conducted a class in Home Hygiene for twenty-four boys and on Friday for twenty girls. Each class met thirty times for an hour and a quarter each time.

The week before Christmas vacation we completed twenty dolls to be given to children who would otherwise have had no Christmas.

The Red Cross furnished us one dollar's worth of material and the Juniors donated material for candy. The boys made candy one night after school and the girls made theirs the following night. We filled thirty-three boxes shaped like a house, two three-pound boxes and fourteen one-pound boxes. All of these were used for Christmas gifts.



The honor banner is awarded every year to the city in Puerto Rico that gets the highest percentage of enrollment. Mayaguez won it last year. Any city that wins it for three years will be allowed to keep it. Albums and dolls from the eight countries with which Puerto Rican Juniors correspond are also shown

Our Juniors Get Busy

ANOTHER great work has just been entrusted to the American Red Cross by the United States government. On July fifth Congress passed a bill giving to the Red Cross another 45,000,000 bushels of wheat and 500,000 bales of cotton to be used for those in need. The raw cotton was to be exchanged for cloth and clothing. By the third week of August the first bales had been exchanged, and cotton cloth ready to be made up into garments by thousands of industrious hands had been sent out to the first Red Cross chapters asking for it.

This is no Senior work alone. Already in the two hard years just passed our Juniors have made hundreds of new garments and salvaged thousands of articles of used clothing. Surely there can be no doubt that they will be eager to help in this new project.

The first materials distributed were prints, gingham, unbleached muslin, outing flannel, shirting and birdseye. Fully half of it is being used for children's clothing so that they may be kept in school. Underwear, men's shirts and layettes for babies are also being made. The ready-made clothing purchased by the Red Cross in exchange for the raw cotton will include overalls, underwear, stockings and socks. By the

provisions of the bill under which the Red Cross is working, the cotton can be exchanged only for cloth or clothing made of all cotton. Later the Red Cross will exchange the rest of the bales for ready-made garments to be distributed where they are most needed.

Even 500,000 bales of cotton will not buy an unlimited amount of cloth and garments, however, as officials of the Red Cross have pointed out. At the current price, which goes up and down all the time, of course, the half million bales are worth \$17,500,000, and some expenses must come out of that sum. We gave flour to approximately 15,000,000 persons last year; if we should have to give clothing to as many, we would have a little less than a dollar's worth for each one.

Thus it can readily be seen that, though it is hoped that clothing needs will be less acute than was the need for the flour last year, still it will be most unwise to rely exclusively on the cotton cloth of the Red Cross for all clothing needs during the coming winter. Members are advised to continue collecting, cleaning and repairing used clothing as they did so successfully last year, in addition to helping in the making of the Red Cross cotton into garments.



Juniors of Elgin, Illinois, with the fruits and vegetables they canned

MEMBERS in the F. A. Day Junior High School in Newton, Massachusetts, collected discarded clothing to give to needy families. They cleaned, mended and pressed the clothes and put them into first-class condition before distributing them. They also made books for an "In-a-Bed Club" of children confined to bed in a hospital because of heart disease.

IN LaPorte, Indiana, Juniors of Central Junior High School induced a local dry cleaner to cooperate with them by cleaning articles of used clothing which they have collected to be distributed to needy schoolmates. One class sends a quart of milk daily to a poor family. In the winter they collected thirteen dollars, of which they sent eight to the hungry children in the coal-mining regions. The rest they used for school relief.



Members of the J. R. C. of Jackson School, Birmingham, Alabama with Christmas rabbits they made for sick children

WHEN the Juniors enrolled last year in Corry, Pennsylvania, they earned their membership chiefly with supplies for the needy. Those who were unable to contribute food or clothing themselves gave a kind deed for their enrollment.

WHEN the Government-Red-Cross flour was distributed it was found in Floral Park, Long Island, New York, that many people didn't know how to make bread. Some flour was given to the John Lewis Childs School and the seventh and eighth grade pupils had lessons in bread making so that they could go home and

teach their mothers. Judging from the delicious samples which were received at the Chapter House, there are now many expert bread makers in Floral Park.

WHEN the field worker visited Lockport, New York, she saw in the classrooms some black paper Hallowe'en cats exactly like one she had in her exhibit which had been made by Juniors. So she showed hers to the students and told how it had been made for a children's hospital, to show the pupils that regular classroom work could be used for the Junior Red Cross. Afterwards the fourth grade asked her to their room to see the black stuffed stocking cats they had made for the holiday.

"Before we heard about the Junior Red Cross we were going to take them home," they said, "but now we are going to send

them to sick children instead."

SIX HUNDRED NINETY-FIVE Hallowe'en favors were sent to five different veterans' hospitals by Juniors of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, which includes Pittsburgh and 47 other towns. These members also sent the veterans 570 Armistice Day favors and 795 Thanksgiving Day favors. At Christmas time, they sent 1200 menus, 450 stockings filled with candy, 434 decorated calendars, 294 blotters, and 3211 decorated match boxes besides a collection of vases, writing pads, pen wipers, table mats and joke books, and twenty-five

decorated cans filled with home-made cookies.

DOWN in Louisiana they call a county a "parish." In St. Martin Parish they are proud that every school, white and colored, is enrolled in the J. R. C. Juniors of the St. Martin Convent of Mercy School helped the Red Cross executive secretary in the Roll Call and also in making two relief drives.

IN Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, the Juniors made posters to help with the Red Cross work at the county fair. At Christmas time they gave many useful gifts to the family of one of their schoolmates. They also supplied glasses for five school children, and made health badges to help with the health work.

TWO large packages containing greeting cards, book marks, writing pads, and other gifts decorated with big black cats, goblins, witches and pumpkins by the Juniors of White Plains and Mount Vernon, New York, were sent to veterans' hospitals in Tennessee and Louisiana.

IN Atlanta, Georgia, a Service Fund is raised once a year, by different methods in each school. In some schools there are boxes in the halls for pupils to drop in their contributions to the Junior Red Cross and a slip of paper stating some worthy service done. In other schools there is the plan of giving members an opportunity to earn money. For instance, in one school the Juniors were paid a penny apiece for cleaning

blackboards, and in another school they earned money by bringing leaves to put on the school garden. Each school has contributed a certain percentage of its Service Fund to the National Children's Fund.

This year, as soon as the Service Fund has been raised, the Juniors plan to devote the first following Council meeting to budgeting this Fund according to the expected expenditures.

JUNIORS of Waterbury, Connecticut, made clothing for the Christmas boxes which they sent abroad last year. They also re-conditioned scores of toys for the boxes to go abroad, and helped fill Christmas boxes for thirty-two needy families in Waterbury. They helped contribute and trim nine Christmas trees, made two hundred Christmas favors to send to the local hospital, decorated and packed fifteen jars of candy and colored a set of health posters for the day nursery. They made menu covers and book marks for sailors on board the U. S. S. Paris.



Some of the actors in "The Indian Princess" a play given by the sixth grade of the Phoenix, Arizona, Indian School

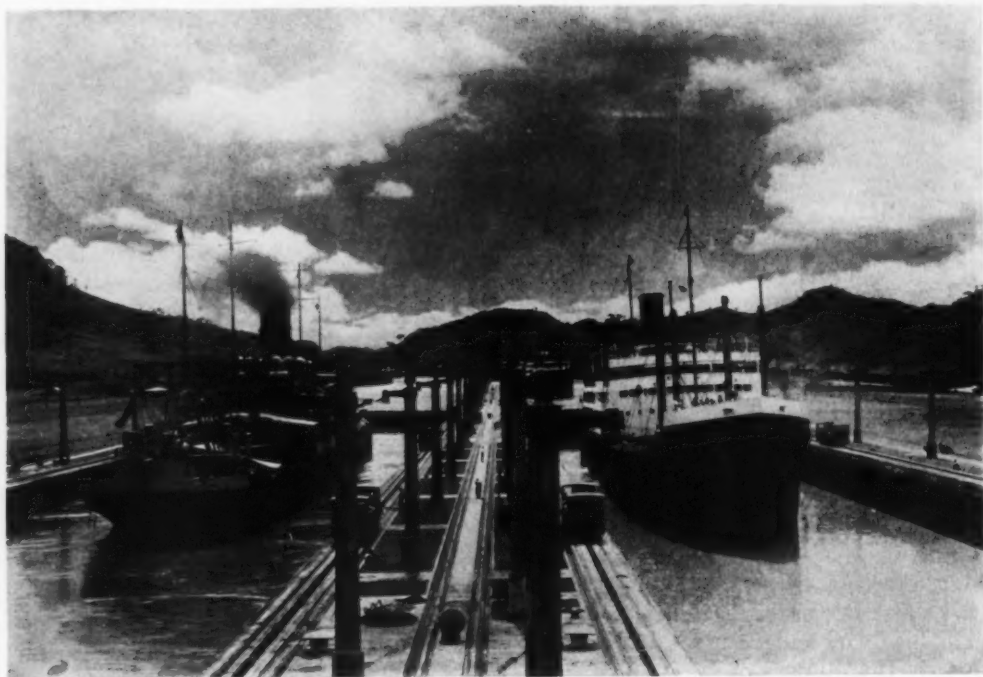
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HALL FLETCHER and David Millard schools of Buncombe County, North Carolina, furnished twenty Juniors to speak in Sunday School during Roll Call. The boys' shop decorated a Junior Red Cross window and Hall Fletcher also gave a Red Cross play and program.

WHEN Hibbing, Minnesota, Juniors filled one hundred and ten Christmas boxes the eighth grade woodwork classes made crates for them for their long journey to other lands.



Courtesy of the Panama Canal

PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS

TWO-WAY traffic in the Panama Canal. A tramp steamer and a round-the-world liner pass one another in "Peter McGill" locks. The liner on the right is bow-on; the cargo ship presents her stern. Just around the corner is the Gaillard, or Culebra Cut, where the American engineers met one of their greatest problems. The hill there was soft sand and kept sliding down into the canal. Notice the little electric engines with their tow lines to the ships; they tow all ships through the locks. It takes about eight hours for a ship to travel the fifty miles through the canal, and it pays a ship to take the canal if it saves her six days travel at sea, even though the toll is \$1.20 per net ton.

